

## **Fifth Dimension**

### **"I'm Wit Dat"**

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Yo, Eiht and Chill  
It's a rumour going around sayin  
Compton's Most Wanted ain't funky enough  
Like we can't cut it, or somethin like that  
Personally, I don't know where the rumour got started  
They must be waitin for the album to drop or somethin  
But anyway, in the meantime  
Eiht, you're the first one up on this demo  
Set the record straight

[ VERSE 1: MC Eiht ]

As I commence with the def dope strategy  
Of the lyrics I'm bustin, suckers tend to get mad at me  
Fill it to the limit at the top of my cup  
Press your luck, lose a buck as you get tossed up  
I presume that you fools wanna get some  
As the bass starts to boom I begin to get real dumb  
Downest is the Eiht from the C-p-t  
Floor a punk in a minute tryin to fuck with me  
Or try to stick up, so watch me kick up a little dust  
Stupid little punk, Eiht'll all-out bust  
Compton's Most W-a-n-t-e-d  
Top choice, best, can't fade the rest  
Hah! Eiht is only good for steady dumpin  
Geah, Unknown and Slip be like bumpin  
High, cause you're so fly - dud  
Kick back with the pack, and I get high off the bud'  
Cause I'm with that

Yeah, Eiht, that was like funky  
I think that'll do the trick  
But Chill - you're next up to bat on this  
You with it?

[ VERSE 2: Tha Chill ]

Yo, let's go, another star  
The p-a-r-t-n-e-r  
Of the E, the back-and-forth, the mic-switchin  
And the lyrics Eiht write be like pitchin  
Rough, cause the rhythm makes your goosebumps  
pump

I could drop you in a minute, so shut up, chump  
I'm down for doin, won't be called no punk  
Rag a pack, crackerjack, hit the endo blunt  
Chill, will get ill, so get real  
Still, let me kill, and you can pay up the bill  
The lyrics that I bust make you brag and boast  
How CMW rocks the fresh West Coast  
Eiht and Chill, two fresh Afro-Americans  
DJ Mike T is down with me ???  
3 The Hard Way is the way that it goes  
Just another dumb victim with a swoll' up nose  
Because I'm with that

(Yeeaaaah!)  
(Cool, I'm with it) --> The D.O.C.

[ VERSE 3: MC Eiht ]  
3rd verse, I'm here to cause a little shock  
Down to rock round the block while you're ridin my jock  
The coolest, geah, I got to play it cool  
Keep it calm, no alarm while I dis a fool  
Unlike a pumped-up there's no need for gettin hostile  
Get hip and take a sip of chicken bottle  
In other words, I could be drunk as a skunk  
And I still won't waste time to get up with a punk  
It's competition that makes me wanna push, push  
Grab a skee next to me, start to water her bush  
A battle against a roody-poo punk like that  
Will mean that the Eiht will have to peel your cap  
Chap, so wake up to pay attention to what I'm sayin  
Won't stop sprayin, won't stop slayin  
Won't give a break to a fool who's fake  
Want a challenge? You can come and challenge the  
Eiht  
Cause I'm with that

(Get on it)  
(The music just turns me on)

[ VERSE 4: Tha Chill ]  
I run you wreckless when I see that you are fake  
Leave you breathless, because I got the back of Eiht  
On the mike, I take care of business, I do my job  
Don't preprare, just beware when I'm ready to squab  
Make a note, program it in your memory bank  
Unlike a boat I won't sink, cause I'm rough as a tank  
Surprisin, realizin of who I am  
Compton's most wanted MC, and I don't give a damn  
Jokers think it's funky, no time for a fake  
Sucker punks try to steal the dope rhymes that I make  
My homeboy Mike T cuts like a savage

And Unknown and Slip does damage  
So go ahead, and perpetrate like you're with it  
You'll be caught, you'll be fought, you'll be stalked in a  
minute

Geah Chill  
That's how we handle that business  
Butterin em up, this boy  
(Geah, I'm with it)

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